CLARENCE.

[BY BRET HARTE.] [Copyright, 1894, by Bret Harte,]

PART II-CHAPTER V.

In another instant bugies were ringing through the camp, with the burrying mass of mounted officers and the tramping of formingmen. The house itself was almost descried. Although that single cannon shot had been created to prove that it was no mere skirnushing of pickets, Brant still did not believe in any serious attack of the enemy. His position, as in the previous engagement, had no strategic importance to them. They were, no doubt, only making a feint again t his position to ceneral some advance upon the cen-ter of the army a mile or two away. Satisfied that he was in easy supporting distance of the division commander, he extended his lines along the ridge, ready to fall back in that direction, while retarding the advance and masking the movements of his chief.

He gave a few orders necessary to the probable abundonment of the house and then returned to it. Shot and shell were already dropping in the field below. A thin ridge of blue haze sheared the line of skirridge of blue hare sheared the line of salf-mish fire. A small conical, white cloud like a bur-ting cotton pod revealed an opened battery in the willow-fringed meadow. Yet the pastoral peac-fulness of the house was unchanged. The afternoon sun lay softly on its deep yetandam; the potpour i incense of fallen rose leaves haunted it still. He enters i bis room through the French

windon in the yerands, when the door is ad-ing from the passage was suddenly flung open and Mass Fanikaer swept quickly in-side closed the door behind her, and leaned back heavily against it—panting and breath-

Cinrence was startled and for a moment Cinrence was startled and for a moment shaned. He suddenly realized that in the excitement he had entirely forgotten her and the dangers to which she might be exposed. Site had proteinly heard the firing, her wor only fears had been awakened; she had come to him for protection. But as he turned toward her with a reassuring smile he was shocked to see that her agitation and pallor were far beyond any physical fear. She motioned him desperately to shat the window by which he had entered, and said with white lips: with white lips:
"I must speak with you alone!"

"I must speak with you alone!"
"Certainly. But there is no immediate danger to you even here—and I can soon put you toyou time reach of any possible harm."
"Harm—to me! Godd if it were only that!"
He stared at her uneasily.
"Listen," she said, gasping; "listen to me! Then bate, despise me—kill me if you will. For you are betrayed and ruined—cut off and surrounded! It has neen, helped on by me, but I swear to you the blow did not come from my hand! I would have saved you God knows how it haspeced—it was late!"
In an instant Brant saw its truth instanctively and clearly. But with the reveletion came that wanderful calmness and perfect as!!-poss ssion which nover yet had failed.

a-15-poss ssion which never yet had failed him in any emergency. With the sound of the increasing cannonade and its swifting position made cleaver to his ears, the view of



I MUST SPEAK WITH TOU ALONE.

his whole threatened position spread out like a map before his eyes, the swift calculation of the time has men could hold the ridge, in his min!—even the hurried estimate of the precious moments he could give to the wretched woman before him—all this he was keeply alive to as he gravely, even gently, led her to a chair and said in a critical and level orce: "This is not enough! Speak slowly, plats

I must know everything. How and in what way have you betrayed me?"
She looked at him imploringly—reassured, yet awed by his gentleness. "You won't be-lieve me! You cannot believe me! But I do the confederates and a spy who comes to this house but who is far away by this time. I did it because I thought you hated and despised me, because I thought it was my duty to help my cause, because you said it was "war between us; but I have not spied on you have I have not spied on how do you know of this attack?"

"Then how do you know of this attack?" be said calmly.

She brightened, half fimidly, half bopefully. "There is a window, in the wing of this house that overlooks the slope near the Confederate lines. There was a signal pineed in it—not by me—but I know it meant that as long as it was there the piot, whatever it was, was not ripe, and that no attack would be made on you as long as it was visible. That much I knew, that much the siy had to tell me, for we both hal to guard that room ell me, for we both had to guard that room tell me, for we both had to guard that room in turns. I wanted to keep this dreadful tring of until-until," her voice trembled—"until," she added hurriedly, seeing his calm eyes were reading her very soul, "until I went away, and for that purpose I withheld some of the letters that were given me. But this morning, while I was away from the house, I looked back and saw that the signal was no longer there. Some one had changed it. I ran back, but I was too late, God help me, as you see?"

The truth flashed upon Brant. It was his The truth dashed upon Brant. It was his own hand that had precipitated the attack! But a larger truth came to him now, like a daspling inspiration. If he had thus procipitated the attack before it was ripe there was a chance that it was imperfect, and there was still hope. But there was no trace of this visible in his face as he fixed his eyes calmly on hers, although his pulses were halting in expectancy as he said:

"Then the spy had suspected you and changed it."

" she said eagerly, "for the spy was with me and was frightened too. We both ran back together—you remember—she was stopped by the patroll" She checked hermelf suddenly, but too into. Her checks blazed, bur head sank—with the foolish disclosure into which her engerness had betrayed her.

trayed her.

But Brant appeared not to notice it. He was, is fact, puzzing his brain to conceive what information the stupid mulatto woman could have obtained here. She must have been like the frembling, earer woman before a mere tool of others.

"Did this woman live here?" he said.
"No," she said, "Shellwed with the Manlys, but had friends whom she visited at your General's headquarters."

With difficulty Brant suppressed a start, t was clear to him now. The information

saved! They would come to your assistance! You would not then be taken?"

He smiled gently, "Perhaps—who knows?"
He sail down, and wrote hurriedly, "This,"
he said, handing her a, slip of paper, "is a
pass. You will use it beyond your own lines.
This note," he continued, handing her a
seated envelope, "Is for the General. No one
else must see it, or know of it—not even your
over—should you meet him.

else must see it, or know of it—not even your over—should you meet him."

"My lover!" she said ir dignantly, with a flash of her old savagery. "What do you mean? I have no lover!"

Brant glanced at her flushed face. "I thought," he said quietly, "that there was someone you cared for in yonder lines—some one you wrote to. It would have been an ex-

He stopped as her face paled again and her

He stopped as her face paled again and her hands dropped heavily at her side. "Good God you thought that too! You thought that I would sacrifice you for another man?" "Pardon me," said Brant quickly; "I was foolish. But wh ther your lover is a man or a cause, you have shown a women's devotion. And in repairing your fault you are showing more than a woman's courage, now."

To his surprise the cotor had again mounted her pretty cheeks, and even a flash of mischief shone in her bine eyes. "It would have been "an excuse"—yes—to save a man,

of mischief shole in her blue eyes. "If would have been 'an excesse'-yes-to save a man, surely. Well, I will go, I am ready."
"One moment, he said gravely. "Although this pass and an escort insure your safe cond of there is an engagement and some danger. Are you still ready to face it?"
"I am," she said proudly, turning back a braid of her fallen bair. Yet a momenta tor she hestighted. Then she said in a lower

braid of her fallen bair. Yet a momenta ter she hesitated. Then she said in a lower voice: "Are you as ready to forgive?"

"In either case," he said, touched by her manner—"and God speed you."

He extended his hand and left a slight pressure on her cold fluxers. But they slipped quickly from his grasp, and she turned away with a heightened color.

He stepped to the door. One or two aidesde-camp, withheld by his order against intrusion, were waiting eagerly with reports. The horse of a mounted field officer was pawing the garden turf. The officers stared at the young girl.

the young girl.
"Take Miss Faulkner with a flag to some safe point of the enemy's line, # She is a non-combatant of their own, and will receive

safe point of the enemy's line, #She is a noncombatant of their own, and will receive
their protection."

He had scarcely exchanged a dozen words
with the aides-de-camp before the fleid offleer hurriedly entered. Taking Brant aside,
he said quickly: "Pardon me, General, but
there is a strong feeling among the men that
the attack is the result of some information
obtained by the enemy. The woman you have
just given a safe guard to is suspected, and
the men are indignant.

"The more regson why she should be convered beyond any consequences of their folity,
Major," said Brant, frigidly, "and I look to
you for her safe convoy. There is nothing in
this attack to show that the enemy has received any information regarding us. But I
would suggest that it would be better to see
that my orders are carried out regarding the
slayes and non-combatants who are passing
our lines from division headquarters, where
valinable information may be obtained, than
in the surveillance of a testy and outspoken
girl."

An angry flush covered the major's cheek

valuable information may be obtained, than in the surveillance of a testy and outspoken girl."

An angry flush covered the major's cheek as he sainted and fell back, and Brant turned to the aide-de-camp. The news was grave. A column of the enemy had moved against the ridge, it was no longer possible to hold it, and the brigade was cut off from its communication with the division headquarters, although as yet no combined movement was made against it. Brant's servet fears that it was an intended impact against the center were confirmed. Would his communications to the division commander pass through the attacking column in time?

One thing puzzled him. As yet the enemy, after facing his line, had shown no disposition, even with their overwhelding force, to turn aside to cover him. He could easily have fallen back, when it was possible to bold the ridge no longer, without pursuit. His flank and rear were not threatened, as they might have been by a division of so large an attacking column by a division of so large an attacking column and his retreat was still secure. It was this fact that seemed to show a failure or imperfection in the enemy is plan. It was possible that his precipitation of the aitack by the changed signal had been the causa of it. Doubtless some provision had been made to attack him in flank and rear, but do the abstance. He could still save himself, as his officers knew, but his conviction that the might tyet be able to support his

had to be ahandoned. He could still save himself, as his officers knew, but his convic-tion that he might yet be able to support his division commander by ho ding his position doggedly, but coolly awaiting his opportunity, was strong. More than that, it was his temperament and instinct. Harrowing them in flank and rear, con-testing the ground inch by inch, and holding his own against the artillery sont to dislodge him, or the cavairy that curied round to ride through his open maks, he saw his files melt away before this steady current without flinching.

PART IL -- CHAPTER VI.

Yet all along that fateful ridge, now obscured and confused with thin crossing amoke drifts from file firing, like parily rubbed out slate pencil marks, or else, when ared of those drifts, presenting only an incleared of those drifts, presenting only as in-distinguishable map of zigzag lines of strag-gling wagons and horsen, unintelligible to any eye but his, the singular magnetism of the chief was felt everywhere. Whether it was shown in the quick closing in of resistance to some sharper onset of the enemy or the more dogged e and of innotion under fire, his power was always dominant.

dogged a and of inaction under fire, his power was always dominant.

A word or two of comprehensive direction, sent through an a de-de-camp, or the sudden relief of his dark, watchful, composed face, uplifted above a line of bayonets, never failed in their magie. Line all born leaders he spemed, in these emergencies, to hold a charmed life, infecting his followers with a like disbelled in death. Men dropped to right and left of him with serene assurance in their ghas, ly faces or a cry of life and confidence in their last gasp. Stragglers fell in and closed up under his passing ginnee; a hopeless inext.enble wrangle around an and closed up under his passing ginner a hopeless inext.leable wrangle around an overturned caisson, at the turn of the road, resolved itself into an orderit, quiet, delib-erate clearing away of the impediment, be-fore the significant waiting of that dark, si-lent horsement.

lent horseman, Yet under this Imperturbable mask he was ret under this imperturbable mask he was keenly conscious of everything; in that ap-parent concentration there was a sharpening of all his senses and his impressibility; he saw the first trace of doubt or alarm in the face of a subaltern to whom he was giving an ance of a sucament to whom he was giving an order: the first touch of suggishness in a reforming line; the more significant clumsiness of a living evolution that he knew was clogged by the dead bodies of comrades; the omineus silence of a breastwork; the awful inertia of some rigidly kneeling files beyond, which still kept their forth, but never would not a specific away of extraight move again; the melting away of skirmish points; the sudden gaps here and there; the sickening incurving of what a moment before had been a straight line—all these he saw in all their fatal significance.

But even at this moment, coming upon a heart hereigned of over the coming upon a heart hereigned.

But even at this moment, coming upon a hasty barricade of over-et commissary wagons, he stopped by glance at a familiar figure he had seen but an hour ago, who now seemed to be commanding a group of stragglers and came, followers. Mounted on a wheel, with a resolver in each hand and a bowie knife between his teeth—theatrical even in this paroxysm of undoubted courage—glared Jam Hooker! And Clarence Brant, with the whole responsibility of the field on his shoulders, even at that desperate moment, found himself recalling a vivid picture of the actor Hooker personating the character of Red Dick in "Rosalic the Prairie Flower," as he had seen him in a California theater five he had seen him in a California theater five years before!

General's beadquarters."

With difficulty Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him now. The information had legal obtained at the division headquarters and passed through his camp as being nearest the confiderate lines. But what was the information, and what movement had be precipitated? It was clear this woman did not know. He looked at her keenly. A sudden explosion shook the house, a drift of smoke passed the window—a shell had burst in the garden.

The had been garing at him despairingly, wistfully, but she did not blanch or start.

An idea took possession of him. He approached her and took her cold band. A half smille parted her pale lips.

"You have courage—you have devolion," he said, gravely. "I bedieve you regret the step you have taken. If you could undo what you have done, even at peril to yourself, dare you have taken. If you could undo what you have done, even at peril to yourself, dare you have taken at pril to yourself, dare you do it?"

"Yes," she said, breathlessiv.

"You are known to the enemy. If I am surrounded you could pass you again through the pickets of our headquarters. But you would beer a note to the general that no eyes but his must see. It would not implicate you or yours—it would not implicate yours—it would not implicate yours—it would not implicate yours—it would not It wanted still an bour of the darkness that

ting up his glass when the dall boom of cannon in the extreme western limit of the horizon attracted his attention. By the still gleaming sky he could see a long gray line stealing up from the valley from the distant rear of the headquarters to join the main column. They were the missing supports! His neart leaped! He held the key of the mystery now. The one impersect detail of the enemy's plan was before him. The supports coming later from the west had seen only the second signal from the window—when Miss Faulkner had replaced the vase—and had avoided his position. It was impossible to limit the effect of this blunder! If the young girl who had thus saved him had reached the division commander with his message in time, he might be forewarned, and even profit by it.

His own position would be less precarious, as the enemy already engaged in front would be unable to recover their position in the rear and correct the blunder. The bulk of their column had already streamed past him. If defeated there was always the danger that it might be rolled back upon him—but he conjectured that the division commander would attempt to prevent the junction of the supports with the main column by breaking between them, crowding them from the ridge and joining him. As the last stragglers of the rear guard swept by Brant's bugkes were already recalling the skirmishers. He redoubled his pickets and resoived to wait and watch.

But there was the more painful duty of looking after the wounded and dead. The larger rooms of the headquarters had already been used as a hospital. Passing from cot to cot, recognizing in the faces now drawn with cot, recognizing in the faces now drawn with agony or staring in vacent unconsciousness the features that he had seen only a few hours before flushed with enthusiasm and excitement, something of his old doubting, questioning nature returned. Was there no way but this? How far was he—moving among them unscathed and uninjured—responsible? And if not he—who then? His mind went back bitterly to the old days of the conspiracy—to the in option of that struggle which was bearing such ghastly frait. He thought of his wire until he felt his checks trigle, and he was fain to neer his eyes from those of his prostrate comrades, in strange those of his prostrate comrades, in strenge fear that with the clairvoyance of dying men

they should coad his secret.

It was past midnight when, without undressing, he threw himself upon his tool in the little convent-like cell to snatch a few moments of sleep. Its spotless, peaceful walls and draperies affected him strangely, as if he and draperies affected him strangely, as if he had brought into its immaguiate seresity the sanguine strain of war. He was awnkened suddenly from a deep slumber by an indefinite sense of alarm. His first thought was that he had been summoned to repel an attack. He sat up and listened. Everything was slient, except the measured tread of the sentry on the gravel walk below. But the door was open. He sprang to his feet and slipped into the gallery in time to see the tall figure of a woman glide before the last moonlit window at its furthest end. He could not see her face; but the characteristic turbaned head of the negro race was plainly visible.

Hedid not care to follow her or even slarm the guard. If it were the apy or one of her emissaries, she was poweless now to do any harm, and under his late orders and the risorous vigilance of his seatinels she could not leave the lines—or, indeed, the house. She probably knew this as well as he did; it was, therefore, no doubt only an accidental intrusion of one of the servants. He re-entered the room and stood for a few moments by the window, looking over the moonthr ridge. The sounds of distant cannon had long since ceased. Wide awake and refreshed by the keen morning air, which alone of all created things seemed to have shaken the burden of the dreatful yesterday from its dewy wings, he turned away and lit a candle on the table. Hedid not care to follow her or even slarm

than this common expression of humanity hald him suddenly in awe. The room seemed no longer his—it had slipped back into that austere conventural privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he frestlated; another strange suggestion—it seemed almost a vague resollection—overcame him like some lingering perfame, mint, far off, and pathetic in its dying lamiliarity. He turned his eyes almost timidly toward the bed. The coverlet was drawn up near the throat of the figure to replace the striped cotton gown, staleed with blo d and dust, which had been hurriedly torn off and thrown askiff. The pair face cleansed of blood and disguising color, the the long hair still damp-from the surgeon's sponge, lay rigidly back on the pillow. Suddenly this man of iron nerves uttered a faint cry, and with a face as white as the upcarroad one before him, fell on his knees beside the bed. For the face that lay there was his wife's. ting up his glass when the dall boom of than this common expression of humanity

bed. For the face that lay there was his wife's.

Yes! hers! But the beautiful hair that she had gloried in—the hair that in his youth he had thought had once fallen like a benediction on his shoulder was streaked with gray along the blue veined hollows of the temples, the orbits of those clear eyes, beneath their delicately arched brows, were ringed with days of suffering; only the clear cut profile, even to the delicate imperiousness of lips and nostril, was still there in all its beauty. The coverlet had slipped from the shoulder; its familiar marble contour startled him. He remembered how in their early married days he had felt the sanctity of that Diann-like revelation, and the still nymph-like austerity which clong to this strange, childless woman. He even fancied that he breathed again the subtle characteristic perfume of the lace embroideries, the delizate enwrappings in her chamber at Robles.

Perhaps it was the marnetism of his presence—but her like nort of with a half sigh, half

Perhaps it was the intensity of his gaze-perhaps it was the maznetism of his presence—but her lips part of with a half sigh, half moan. Her head, although the eyes were still closed, turned on the pillow instinctively toward him. He rose from his knees. Her eyes opened slowly. As the first glare of wonderment cleared from them they met nim—in the old antagonism of spirit! Yet her first gesture was a feminine pathetic movemens with both hands to arrange her straggling hair. It brought her white fingers, cleaned of their disguising stains, as a sudden revelation to her of what had happened; she instantly slipped them back under the coverlet again. Brant did not speak, but with folded arms stood gazing upon her. And it folded arms stood gazing upon her. And it was her voice that first broke the silence. "You had recognized me! Well, I suppose you know all," she said with a weak half-de-

"You had re-ognized me! Well, I suppose you know all," she said with a weak half-de-flance.

He bowed his head. He felt as yet he could not trust his voice and envied her her own.

"I may set up, mayn't I? She managed by sheer force of will to struggle to a sitting posture. Then as the coveriet slipped from the bare shoulders she said, as she drew it with a shiver of disgust around her again. "I forgot that you strip women—you Northen soldiers. But I forgot also," she added with a sarcastle smile, "that you are likewise my husband—and this is your room,"

The contemptuous significance of her speech dispelled the last lingering remnant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own he said: "I am alraid you will now have to remember only that I am a Northern general and you a Southern spy."

"So be it," she said gravely. Then, impulsively, "but I have not spied on you."

Yet the next moment she bit her lips as if the expression had unwittingly escaped her, and with a reckless shrug, of her shoulders she lay back on her pillow.

"It matters not," said Brant coldly. "You have used this house and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found nothing in the despatch box you opened."

She stared at him quickly, then shrugged



HE FELL ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE BED.

As he was rebuckling his sword-belt he saw a piece of paper lying on the foot of the bed have others. Well—she betrayed me! For the candle, he read in a roughly scrawled A flush passed over Brant's face. But with

"You are asleep when you should be on the

"You are aslesp when you should be on the march. You have no time to love, Bore daybreak the supports of the colomn you have been foolishly resisting will be upon you. From one who would seve you, but hates your cause."

For a moment he was transfixed. The handwriting was unknown, and evidently disguised. It was not the purport of the message that alarmed him, but the terrible suspicion that fashed upon him that it came from Miss Faulkner! She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines—

"And you mean to tell me that she didn't "And you mean to tell me that she didn't "And you mean to tell me that she didn't from Miss Faulkner! She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's Rues—or she had never tried to! She had deceived him, or she had thought better of her chivalrous impulse, and now tried to mitigate her second treachery by this second warning! And he had let her messenger escape him! He harriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices was approaching him. He haited and recognized the faces of the brigade surreon and one of his addes-de-eamp.

"We were hesitating whether to disturb you, general, but it may be an affair of some importance. Under your orders a negro

importance. Under your orders a negro woman was just now challenged steeling out of the lines. Attempting to escape she was chased, there was a struggle and a socamble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. She was brought into the guardhouse unconsider.

scious."

"Very good. I will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of relief.

"One moment, general. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her alone," said the surgeon. "For when I endeappred to bring her to, and was sponging her face and head to discover her injuries, her color came off! She was a white woman—stained and discovered as a mulatto."

disguised as a mulatto."

For an instant Brant's hear, sank. It was Miss Faulkner. Miss Faulkner,
"Did you recogn ze her?" he said, glancing from the one to the other. "Had you seen

"No, sir," replied the aide-de-camp. "But she seemed to be quite a superior woman - a she seemed to be quite a superior woman—a lady, I should say."

Brant breathed more freely. "Where is

Brant breathed more freely. "Where is she now?" he asked,
"In the guardhouse. We thought it better not to bring her into the hospital, among the men, until we had your orders."
"You have done well," returned Brant, gravely. "And you will keep this to your-selves for the present, but see that ane is brought here quietly and with as little publicity as possible. Put her in my room above, which I give up to her, and any necessary attendant. But you will look carefully after her, doctor," he furned to the surgeon, "and when she recovers consciousness let me know."

He moved away. Although attaching little importance to the mysterious message—whether sent by MissFaulkner or emanating from the stranger herself—which he had reasoned was based only upon a knowledge of the original plan of attack—he nevertheless quickly despatched a small scooting party in the direction from which the attack might come with orders to fall back and report at once. With a certain half irony of recollection he had selected Jim Hooker to accompany the party as a volunteer. This done he returned to the gallery. The surgeon met him at the door. "The indications of concussion are passing away," he said, "but she seems to be suffering from the exhaustion following some great nervous excitement. You may go in—she may rally from it any moment." He moved away. Although attaching lit-

moment."
With the artidelal step and mysterious hush
of the ordinary visitor to a sick bed Brant
entered the room. But some instinct greater

what?"
A flush passed over Brant's face. But with

an effort he contained himself. "It was the flower that betrayed you. The flower whose red dust fell in the box when you opened it on the desk by the window in yonder room. The flower that stood in the window

ment she turned again flercely upon him.
"And you mean to tell me that she didn't help you—that she didn't sell me—your wife—to you for—for what was it?—a look—a kies?"

"I mean to say that she did not know the "I mean to say that she did not know the signal was changed and that she herself restored it to its place. It is no fault of hers nor of yours that I am not now a prisoner." She passed her thin hand daredly across her forchead. "I see," she muttered. Then again bursting out passionately, she said: "Fool! you never would have been touched! Do you think that Lee would have gone for you—with higher game in your division commander? No! Those supports were a feiat to draw him to your assistance while our main column broke his centre. Yes, you may stare at me, Clarence Brant. You are a good law-yer—they say a dashing fighter, too. I never thought you a coward, even in your irresolu-

yer—they say a dashing fighter, too. I never thought you a coward, even in your irresolution, but you are fighting with men drilled in the art of war and strategy when you were a boy outcast on the claims." She stopped, closed her eyes, and then added wearrily:

"But that was yesterday—to-day, who knows? All may be changed. The supports may still attack, you. That was why I stopped to write you that note an hour a lowhen I believed I should be leaving here forever. Yes, I did it," she went on, with half-wearled, half-dogged determination. "You may as well know all. I had arranged to fly; your plakets were to be drawn by friends

wearied, half-dogged determination. "You may as well know all. I had arranged to fly; your plekets were to be drawn by friends of mine, who were waiting for me beyond your lines. Well, I lingered bere when I saw you arrive—lingered to write you that note. And—I was too inte."

But Brant had been watching her varying expression, her kindling eye, her strange masculine grasp of mintary knowledge, her soldiery phraseology, all so new to her, that he scarcely heeded the feminine ending of her speech. It seemed to him no longer the Diana of his youthful fancy, but some Pallas Athene who now looked up at him from the pillow. He had never before fully believed in her unselfish devotion to the cause, until now, when it seemed to have almost unsexed her. In his wildest comprehension of her he had never dreamed her a Joan of Arc, and yet that was the face which might have confronted him, exaited and inspired, on the battlefield itself. He recalled himself with an exort.

"It has you for your would-her warning."

"I thank you for your would-be warning," said more gently, if not tenderly, "and God knows I wish your flight had been successknows I wish your flight had been successful. But even your warning is unnecessary. For the supports had already come up; they had followed only the second signal and diverged to engage our division on the left, leaving me alone. And their ruse of drawing our commander to assist me would not have been successful, as I had suspected it and sent a message to him that I wanted no help."

help."
It was the truth—it was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He might not have disclosed it, but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him that he felt compelled to assert his superjority. She fixed her eyes upon him. "And Miss Faulkner took your message," she

said, slowly. "Don't deny it! No one cise

said, slowly. "Don't deny it! No one cise could have passed through our lines, and you gave her a saie conduct through yours. Les! I might have known'it. And this is the creature they sent me for an ally and confident!"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said: "You forget that I did not know you were the apy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my wife."

"Why abould she?" she said almost flercely. "I am known among these people only by the name of Benham, my maiden name. Yes! you can take we out and shoot me onder that name, without disgracing yours. Nobody will know that the Southers by was the wife of the Northern general. You see I have thought even of that!"

"And thinking that," said Brant slowly, you have put yourself—Larill not say in my power—for you are in the power of any man in this camp who may know you or even bear you speak. Well, let us understand each other plainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of you. I do not know what it seems to demand of me. Hear me, then! I will do my best to protect you and get you safely away from here; but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

ogether."
She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakening light. She put back her-hair again and half raised herself upon the pillow to gaze at his ark, set face.
"And as I shall let no other life but ours be

"And as I shall let no other life but ours be-perilled in this affair," he went on, quietly, "and will accompany you mysel!, in some disguise, beyond the lines, we will take the risks together—or the bullets of the sentries that may save us both all further trouble. An hour or two more will decide this. Until that fime your condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatic worms, you have sometimes perfrom any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatto woman you have sometimes personated may be still in this house: I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her for you must personate her again, and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner."

"Clarence!"

Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and stridulous, but low and thrilling, as he had heard her call to him that night in the path of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from the bed—her thin, white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

thin, white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said, eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—these vulgar, cruel people forever. Come with me. Come with me to my people, to my own faith, to my owe house, which shall be yours. Come with me to defend it with your good sword. Clarence, against these invaders. Yes, yes, I know you I have done you wrong; I have lied to you when I speke against your skill and power. You are a hero—s born leader of men. I know it. Have I not heard it from the men who have lought against you, and yet admired and understood you, aye, better than your own? Gallant men. Clarence; soldiers bred, who did not know what you were to me, nor how proud I was of you, even while I hated you. Come with me.

"Think what we would do together, with "Think what we would do together, with one faith, one cause, one ambition! Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain! We are no niggards of our rewards and honors; we know our friends. Even I, Clarence, I'—there was a strange pathos in the sudden humility that seemed to overcome her—"I have had my reward and know my power. I have been sent abroad, in the confidence of the highest, to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with me and live the hero that you are."

He turned his blading eyes upon her, "If you were a man!" he began passionntely,

you were a man!" he began passionately, then stopped.

"No! I am a woman, and must fight in a woman s way," she interrupted bitterly. "I, entreat, I implore. I wheedle, I flatter, I fawn, I fiel I creep where you stand uprions and entreat, I implore, I wheelte, I hatter, I fawh, I lie! I fersep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not bow. You wear your blacon o honor on your shoulder, I hide mine in a slaves gown. And yet, I have worked, and striven, and safered. Insten. Charence." Her voice again sank to its appealing minor. "I know what you men call honor, which makes you cling to a mercly spoken word and he can't call.

which I have never dealed you. For the night that you left me I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—per-haps I have even to thank you for this awak-ening—and I realize the bitter truth. But that night I found my true vocation, my pur-

The blood rushed to Brant's face, and then recorded as suddenly.

"You left me with Capt. Pinkney, who had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he said fariously.

They were both staring at each other.

Suddenly he said, "Hush!" and sprang toward the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed along the passage. But it was too late; it was thrown open to the officer of the guard who appeared standing on the threshold.

"Two confederate officers arrested hovering around our pickets. The demand to

ing around our pickets. The demand to see you."

Before Brant could interpose, two men, in riding cloaks of confederate gray, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-confi-

fent air.
"Not demand, general," said the foremost "Not demand, general," said the foremost a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful, deprecating air. "In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after-dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and, of course, we hai to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. Gad! I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Col. Lagrange, of the Firth Tennessee; my young friend here is Capt. Faulkner, of the First Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none

is Capt, Faulkner, of the First Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for me. I——"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his companion started. But to the natural unaffected dismay of gentlemen who had unwittingly intruded upon a lady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disastrous concern superadded. Col. Lagrange was quick to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

"A thousands pardons," he said hurriedly, stepping backward to the deor. "But I hardly need say to a fellow officer, general, that we had no idea of making so gross an intrusion! We heard some cock-and-bull story of your being occupied with an escaped or escaping nigger—or we should never have forced ourselves upon you."

Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her face had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were coldly fixed upon the celling. He bowed formally, and with a wave of his hand toward the door said:

said:
"I will hear your story below, gentlemen."
He followed them from the room, stopped
to quietly turn the key in the lock, and then
motioned them to precede him down the stair-

At the Club. Reggy-What's this "pool law" they are

alking so much about? Dickey-Oh, I suppose it's some protective tommyrot to prevent us chappies from getting our clothes from the swagger London tallah, don't y' know.—New York World.

When thermometers drop down
Till it's cold as all creation,
The furnace always takes that time
To go on a racation.

How Colonel Piedmonte ___Did Not Fight a Duel.

Written Exclusively for THE TORES.

truth. I trust you will agree with me that the end justified the means. It gives a fellow standing, you know.

After the story of the quarrel became common gossip in our set (if anything in our set could be common), Tommy Todd was particularly anxious to hear all that I could tell of the parties to it. Poor Tommy! Despite the fact that he has his cards engraved "Mr. T. Jefferson Todd," people will insist on calling him Tommy, instead of Jefferson. He prefers "Jeff." I am told, in the hope that it will be mistaken by uninitated hearers for an abreviation of Geoffrey, which is very awagger, as well as very English. Naturally a chap with such inclinations is anxious to stare in social glory, even though it be merely reflected. His is a case of "I shook the hand that shook the hand."

I am citing Tommy's curiosity as typical of that displayed by the other fellows who are not acquainted with Col. Fledmonto and Mr. Mamunadore. Some of them who had not been particularly cordial assumed quite a friendly attitude when they heard that I was on faulliar terms with both the principals and one who had said with reference to me that he cidn't like new people his gene so far as to offer we cligarettes on several occasions. Truly, the cloud on the horizons of the colonel and the diplomat has a silver lining for yours truly.

sions. Truly, the cloud on the horizons of the colonel and the diplomat has a silver lining for yours truly.

To see Mr. Mamunadore is to remember him. He has a distinctively foreign air and walks plantigrade, throwing the toes of his boots out and back, and the heels in and forward. This is one of the most distinguishing traits of gentlemen in the diplomatic s rvice. Mr. Mamunadore's clothes are of an ultralisationable cut, and his top hat shimmers in glossy perfection. His trousers are creased every day, and his coats are sent regularly to the tailor's for pressing. I am sure that Mr. Mamunadore must hive saveral suits of dress clothes, and shoes beyond his own knowledge. Certainly he is a very dressy man, and this, with his abundance of small talk and "that fetching inthe accest," as I heard one of them occuribe it, makes him a great lavorite with the young women.

It seems a strange think to me that American girls fluid these little foreigners so attractive. They would not me thick of fatter.

It seems a strange thing to me that American girls flud these little foreigners so attractive. They would no more think of flattering one of their own countrymen to his face, unless he is somewhat advanced in years like Col. Piedmonte, or of aimost begging him for a dance, than they would of declaring an invitation to one of Mrs. Lucrung-Glow Samous fractions. But they gather around Mr. Mamunadore and pay him preity compliments, and listen with delight to the dainty speeches delivered in "that forching fittle accent." Mr. Mamunadore is very fortunate, don't you think?

gether to some after us, and let us go to the segment of these guns, or the blood of our brothers are those living there—I have met them. Carence—I have met the house of the hands the house of the hard the house of the house of

honor of his sequentance. Some foreigners are so sensitive about small things, and they have peculiar little ways of asking one to explain something said or done. This is very embarrassing, particularly when the explanation is not entirely satis anotory to the explainee, if I may be patted to use the

plainee, if I may be patted to use the term.

There were two young men who wrote a poem once about a swell dance. A diplomatic gentleman thought he discovered himself in the metrical description given of one of the dancers, and he coupled his demand for an explanation with some choicely-worded sentences that could be interpreted into a challenge. But there was no duel. Agaia, another diplomatic gentleman and a foreign actor had some difference and there was a set to with raplers according to the code in a New York flat. As, both these diplomatic gentlemen were stationed in Washington when these little matters occurred, I am arraid that a very annoying precedent has been established for their brothers of the corps. All of which is very good reason for the explanation I have anstended to make. I am earnest in saying that I neither desire to quit this world just yet nor to be the maker quit this world just yet nor to be the maker

am earnest in saying that I neither desire to quit this world just yet nor to be the maker of another diplomatic corpse. Either result would be decidly obnoxious to me.

I have never really understood what the quarrel was about, but from what Mr. Mamunajore said I am incined to think that Mrs. De Meene was at the bottom of it. It seems that Mr. Mamunadore had been paying somewhat marked attention to her that she considered seriously, and he as nothing more than a mere flirtation, which the fact that Mrs. De Meene is a woman with a past readered doubly interesting. In justice to Mr. Mamunadore it must be said that she apparently gave him all the encouragement that could possibly have been given, and like any other man he followed her lead.

But as time went on, the attentions of the diplomatic gentleman grow less marked and finally ceased altogether. Some people attributed this change in his demeanor to a certain debutante of the season, but whether that surmise is correct or not, Mr. Mamunadore certainly seemed to share a great deal of the debutante's society. Mr. Mamunadore, however, is too trained a diplomat to commit himself in anything, even in an affair of the heart, and this leads me to say that while his attentions to Mrs. De Meene were apparent, they were given in such a manner as to rob them of any significance except to herself, and I have heard some uncharitable people say that she was not deceived in that particular.

At all events, Mr. Mamunadore and Col. Piedmonte had a quarrel. Somebody—Mrs. Dealeene, I think—told the colonel something that Mr. Mamunadore said, or was said to have said (which sounds complicated, but is not) about him, and the colonel had lost his temper and made use of a few expressions that were not complimentary to the other. As it is the bad and not the good which obtains the widest circulation, the critical remarks of the colonel came to the diplomat without reference to the basis for them. So the diplomat was very furious and sat down in a fine temper to write a note to the colonel conched in terms that could easily be interpreted, "apologize or fight," It was on the day that this note was sent that I became somewhat fully informed on the matter through no less a person than the diplomar himself. I I shanced to meet Mr. Mamunadore that night at my Annt Eunices. We went away At all events, Mr. Mamunadore and Col.

When I met Mr. Mamunadore, of the diplomate corps, he said he was most happy to make my acquaintance, but he was not happier than I on that occasion, for one of my dearest wishes was gratified in the introduction.

To know Col. Piedmonte paves the way for social advancement; to know Mr. Mamunadore assures it, and as I had already accomplished the first half of the social pilgrim's progress through meeting the colonel, I found it somewhat easy to attain the boon which placed me well on the second stage of the journey.

It was in fact Col. Piedmonte who presented me to the diplomar, or diplomatist, as some of our set now say. That was before the quarrel. Now that these two social lions are not on the best of terms it gives me supreme satisfaction to realize that I have the honor of knowing both the principals, and I mass coniess that I have pulled the string of the long bow rather hard in tolling the chaps with whom I associate of my intimacy with such important personages as the colonel and his enemy. Do not blame me for this little devergence from the narrow pathway of truth, I trust you will agree with me that the end justified the means. It gives a fellow simplify, you know.

After the story of the quarrel became common creation for the colonel with me that the colone of my paresonal fraind, dannat cheem not whethere he can a gentlement, you are my paresonal fraind, dannat cheem not be diplomated the string of the long bow rather hard in tolling the chaps with whom I associate of my intimacy with such important personages as the colonel and his enemy. Do not blame me for this little devergence from the narrow pathway of truth, I trust you will agree with me that the end justified the means. It gives a fellow simple of the place of the place

who have no haarm to been done? Theenk you of that? I knaw been not who is fathere have been; I knaw been not whethere he es a gentleman; but thees I knaw that I have met him at the home of my paresonal fraind, Mrs. Lucrum-Glow, and that keep him in the standing of my mid a restleman to be seen standing of my mind a gentleman to be considered. For that is so I call beem to explain, dannt chew naw. I demand of beem a retractsecon of what he say. He goeve estat, then all is well; he does not greve estathen must be—" but here the excited diplomat paused and abrugged his shoulders expressively. A moment later, however, the diplomat paused and shrugged his shoulders expressively. A moment later, however, the suppressed lire of his indignation burst forth.

"I maybe have stood face to face with a man—two men—three men—who wish my life, sh, yes, et, maybe et ces so, dank chew naw," and Mr. Machunadere gave me a knowing smile. "Eet maybe I strike at heem so"—a suming the attitude of a fencer—"and so, and so; non, non, est is not yet, you meen me then!" Ab—ha, you save yourself in time! Bravo! but you touch me not! As—a-h, you feel cet then—non, you have jump to the back! I move not away! I follow you! Hal again you jump to the back! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You are afred! I reach you not? Ah, do not I that? Ha! Ha! I.—"

not I that? Hai Hai I—"

Here Mr. Mamuna lore ceased his fatiguing performance, and turned to me with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders.

"I have not forget," he east!,
After a period of silence, during which we smaked several eigarettes, I ventured to remark that American gentlemen usually preferred piscois. A shade of concern came over the face of the diplomat.

"Theonk you so?" he asked, with the merest touch o saniety in his voice.

I nodded affirmatively, "And then," I added, "they are given too much eccentricity in affairs of honor."

in affairs of honor."
"What is set—these akcontressites—how mean you?" said the diplomat, rising to his feet and looking very uncomfortable. I explained that American duelists sometimes drew lots to determine which principal should commit suicide, and that flighting in a dark room with dirk knivs had been a favor-ite mode of settling differences according to the code.

the mode of settling differences according to the code.

"Eet is left the savage—the barbarian," he cried, in some excitement, "Est examot be. No, no, set cannot be. I lak not your beeg pistole: I lak not your dark room; I lak not your suicide—est ces not the affair of gentlemen."

Then Mr. Mamunadore made mention of the difficulties that beset the practice of dueling in America. "Eef a man insult mehore, I sand heem a challenge—but what then? I am taken to pressan: I lose my post; I am disgrace. Ah, must you go, my friend. We have spand a most hawpe evening; ess est not so? But when meet we again? Ah, that I know not; daunt chew naw."

My Aunt Emicois a very clever women and it was not many hours after I told her of the utterance of Mr. Manunadore that his trouble with Col. Piedmonte had been amicably adjusted. Acut Eun ce is quick to act and I think that she arranged matters before the colonel answered the diplomat's note. A personal meeting—not, however, on the field of honor—hat been the result of her efforts, and I am told that Mr. Mamunadore repted to the colonel's dignified, "I am sorry, sir, for having offended you," with a fervent grasp of the hand and the remark, "You are a gentleman, you are my paresonal fraind, dannt chew naw." Nevertheless the two are

men are each winter more and more closely following the example of the women in the matter of hor drinks. It was only a few years ago that some enterprising druggist added beef ten to his soda water dispensary. As long as he limited his warming beverages to hot sods there was no chance to capture the man with his mawkish drink, but beef tea, with a dash of celery sail, was a little less girly-girly, says the New York Sun, and the man with his mawkish drink, but beef tea, with a dash of celeev sait, was a little less girly-girly, says the New York Sun, and the man began to sneak in on very cold days and warm up on this behind the shelter of the soda fountain. Then clam broth was added, and the man knew of the good cheer and the good qualities of that drink because he had been in the habit of taking it is saloons. And when he found it was just as nice and 5 cents cheaper in the drug store than it was in the saloon, and that he did not have to treat any-body, he began to go more trequently to the body, he began to go more trequently to the

shop.

The cake dealers and restaurant men were The cake dealers and restaurant men were not slow to see which way things were going, and the cheering sign, "Warm up and be glad," met the man on every block. The list of crinks increased, and this winter there seems to be a regular furore for hot non-intexicating drinks. Tea, coffee, occoa and chocolate, beef tea, beef bouillon, chicken bouillon, cham broth, oyster broth, ginger tea—the list is a long one, and the man finds that a cup of any of them, served in dainty china, is just as good for warming-up purposes as whisky or hot Sectch, and sometimes he almost thinks it is a good deal better. He finds, too, that now he has lots of mile company, and that there are lots of other men who are thinking and doing the same as he.

other men who are thinking and doing the same as he.

The saloons have found out the defections from their cash registers, and are adding hot non-spirituous drinks to their bar list, but someth we the men are still patronzing the drug stores and confectioners and restaurants for their chocolate or clam broth, and don't seem to mind the shopgiris and shopping women that crowd around and welcome them one single bit.

EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.

There Was Ample Reason Why the Editor Should Suicide They were discussing the question, Is sulcide an evidence of insanity?

"It's my opinion," said the man who does all the talking, "that many persons commit spicide who are not only in their right minds. but who, in fact, could not well show their command over their faculties in any other

command over their faculties in any other way.

"Now for instance, I knew a man once who had conducted an easy and prosperous business for years, was respected by all his friends and neighbors, had no flanacial difficulties worth speaking of, nothing to trouble his mind, was, in fact, as well-balanced a man as you could find in any community, yet one morning he was found hanging to a raiter in his wood shed. And when his motive became known it convinced overybody that his bead known it convinced everybody that his bead was clear at the moment be fastened the rope around his neck as it ever had been in his life.

somewhat fully informed on the matter through no less a person than the diplomat himself.

I chanced to meet Mr. Mamunadore that night at my Aunt Eunice's. We want away together, and, perhaps from that desire sume have to unbosom themseives to the person most convenient when they are undergoing great excitoment, the diplomst saked me to accompany him to his apartments. With nervous caution he broached the subject of